AN Congratulatory POEM;

ON

The safe Arrival of the Scots AFRICAN and INDIAN Fleet in CALEDONIA, and their kind Reception by the Natives, with an Amicable advice to all concerned.

SCOTLAND Rejoyce, and praise the King of Kings,
Who this your project to good success brings
Commands the Winds and Seas to favour you more
Than any e're attemp't that place before,
From *Brittish Ports* and makes you Friends of those
Whom all Men Judged, would have been your foes,
Brake off Divisions then, in Unitie,
Amongst your selves, and in Fraternitie,
Together live, to all the Earth 'tis known
The Thirstle Buds after the Rose is blown;
Let Courage and Conduct, you strengthen soe,
As may enable you 'gainst any Foe,
Your Ancestors by Courage got Renown,
And by their Valour Run their Enemies down,
No Nation e're could Conquer SCOTLAND, by
The force of Arms, if not that Treachery,
Too much prevail'd with those who bear Command,
Which to the sad Experience of this Land,
Is Ah! Alas too true therefore take Head,
The Proverb is, that burn'd Bairns fire do Dread,
Let no pretentions fring affinitie,
To one another, But see that ye agree,
With Courage to defend you from all Foes.
That they who dare molest you, may find blowes:
The Thirstle pricks the fingers with it Close.

I wish that Heavens may still favour this Trade,
Under the *Indian* Pole, and Treasure hade
Worthy the pains and Travel you are at,
T'enrich this Land was long Depauperat,
That SCOTLAND may yet Flourish and in Peace,
Preserved be from all seek to deface,
Its Fame, so that its Honest industrie,
May Persevere to all Posteritie,
That all the Neighbouring Nations yet may own,
SCOTLAND deserves still Honour and *R*enown,
And those who do this Traffick Propogat,
May have their Names, in Ages Memorat,
That whilst the Sun and Moon endure they may
Be prosperous, I Heartily do pray,
Though some may chance by casual Death to fall
Yet let not that discourage great nor small;
For since they Sail'd, double the Number have
Even here at Home, doubtless gone to the Grave,
More Honourable, a Funeral cannot be
Then Brave Adventurers have tho in the Sea,
They be intomb'd till she yeild up her Dead,
No Man of Courage will such dangers Dread,
To wish my Country well, 's all I can do,
Since I am poor of purse and Person too.

R. A.

BD
Scott
83e

RPJCB